The COMMONWEAL

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Anniversary of Benedict XV's Peace Proposal

IT WAS twenty-five years ago to the day that Pope Benedict XV, after testing his ground through preliminary inquiries, despatched his famous peace proposal to the belligerent powers. How close his efforts were to succeeding is not generally known, although a number of treatises on the subject have been published since, among them a stirring pamphlet summary by the history committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace. Men in the ranks long to return to their homes, eagerly await the restoration of peaceful everyday life, at all stages of a conflict, but the sentiment for peace was especially strong after three years of World War I, for the armies had reached a virtual stalemate in the field. The German Reichstag in July 1917 had actually adopted a peace resolution which was approved by the High Command. Moreover, Benedict XV had by his strict impartiality and deep concern for all the belligerents won universal deference and respect. And Europe was made up of governments far more accustomed to comparative confidence in dealing with each other on an equal footing than it is today.

Circumstances for negotiation were propitious and the Pope's suggested principles of settlement so impartial and unvindictive that certain leaders in England, France and Germany readily gave assent. Yet all these hopes were shattered; the war in all its violence and destructiveness went on for another fifteen months. And it ended with an unsuccessful peace, with Benedict or his representatives barred from the peace table. What went wrong? The proceedings are veiled in secrecy, but in 1932, at Munich, Friedrich Ritter von Lama brought out a book on the subject which was suppressed by the German authorities. The burden of his comment is that the proposal was deliberately sabotaged by Dr. Michaelis, the new German Chancellor, after Bethmann Hollweg, his predecessor, had encouraged Archbishop Eugenio Pacelli to believe that Germany would welcome such a papal proposal. Von Lama claims that the Kaiser was kept in ignorance of the fact that England had agreed to negotiate peace on the basis of the restoration of Belgium and the German government finally sent the Vatican the vaguest unsatisfactory reply. It is idle to speculate, perhaps, on the probable results of an earlier negotiated peace in which Germany was to be restored her colonies, including her Pacific islands, and in which indemnities and reparations were to have no part. And yet one cannot but wonder whether it might not have led to genuine disarmament and something other than the present world-wide total and ideological war. It was in any case a worthy effort completely in accord with the tradition of Christ's Vicar on earth. It was a brave step long to be remembered and gratefully commemorated. Who can fix now the occasion for a similar action on behalf of the peoples of the world? And who can set forth the detailed principles for such a peace proposal? What is clear is that never again must such negotiations fail because of criminal secrecy. No chancelleries or other channels of officialdom can be allowed another chance to deprive the peoples of the world of the long-sought fruits of peace and justice.

Cold Courage in Norway

IT HAS BEEN Christian churchmen, Catholic and Protestant, who have resisted nazism most and resisted it best. This is evident despite the suppression of news from conquered Europe. When the ban of hostile censorship is lifted and the distortions of interested propaganda are finally cleared away, the full record of Christian leadership in this nightmare time will make a permanent and heroic chapter in spiritual history. Meanwhile, it is not irrelevant to speculate as to the possible effects upon Christian unification which may be worked in the future by the martyrdom, and the evocation of courage to endure martyrdom, which the Protestant and Catholic groups may be said to experience in common. The latest phase in the struggle of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Norway against the Quisling régime prompts this question anew. That Church took its rise in the torn and tormented sixteenth century. Following the then widely accepted

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Protestant axiom of *cujus regio ejus religio,* it became the State Church, and its legal character has never changed until now. But the relaxation and tolerance which crept upon Europe after the bloody Reformation struggles died down, gradually showed itself in Norway also. Catholic emancipation was achieved in the middle of the nineteenth century, although an ungenial and suspicious spirit toward things Catholic would seem to have lingered into our time: not an unnatural thing perhaps, in view of the smallness of Norway's Catholic population. Quisling's attempt to use the State Church for his party's designs began almost with his seizure of power. With gathering force, it has been resisted. His designation of one of his own creatures for Trondheim Cathedral last spring was met by the resignation of all seven members of the Norwegian hierarchy. One of them is still in prison. His representative, and five of the six remaining bishops, have just issued a manifesto severing their Church from all connection with the Quisling régime, and drawing up an independent church council. They state that compromise is impossible between the Church and the present State, because spiritual freedom is endangered; and profess their intention of carrying on though entirely deprived of temporal power. Even the splendid courage, moral and physical, behind this action is not its most striking characteristic. It shows a lofty conception of the spiritual function which must strike every Catholic heart. Time has already undone some of the mischief wrought by disunion. Disaster may uncover and develop the positive bonds between us in a way we would not have dreamed possible.

Supplement to Art Talk

LAST WEEK we published a note about the war cartoons of Mr. Arthur Szyk. We had seen these cartoons in various publications and, because also there had been an exhibition of this work at one of the best known New York art dealers, we assumed that it was presented as art, and we said that it was bad art and that its effect on American morale was bad. No sooner had our piece appeared in print than we received a press release from the dealer who handles Mr. Szyk's paintings to which we are delighted to give publicity. It appears that the effect produced by these cartoons, an effect which we analyzed and deplored, is now deliberately sought and encouraged in a strange and most unusual comradeship between two worlds habitually distinct. The art dealers and the army have been brought together through their mutual admiration for Mr. Szyk. Here are some extracts from Knoedler Art Galleries' press release.

"Cartoon art will be used for the first time to condition United States airmen to the toughness, bitterness and hatred necessary to win this war, when an exhibit of thirty colored original, anti-Axis paintings by Arthur Szyk, caricaturist, opens July 28 in the Officers' Club of the First Air Command at Mitchel Field, Hempstead, Long Island. Following the opening at the Officers' Club the cartoons will be moved for exhibition in the Enlisted Men's Club. . . . Szyk considers his paintings 'weapons' in this war, and is anxious to have them used by American airmen. . . . he works from 5:00 A.M. to midnight, turning out his cartoons. At the beginning of the war he merely ridiculed Hitler and Mussolini. Now his drawings of the three Axis dictators reflect his own true feelings about them—'solid hate' . . . Hirohito is shown in a painting entitled 'December 7th' stabbing the United States in the back. The United States is pictured as a rangy, powerful Western cowboy, slow to arouse but dangerous when angered. In the background Hitler and Mussolini are huddled in frightened, whispered conversation."

Mr. Szyk's record in the last war shows that he is a brave man. We are not attacking Mr. Szyk or his understandable anger. We are attacking this verbiage and this art because we do not want it placed at the service of a noble cause.

Puffs and Pets

LIFE would be far less bearable these days without occasional news items dealing with the lighter side of America's being at war. Among these a number dealt with the crisis in cosmetics caused by a recent WPB order regulating production. The Toilet Goods Association was relieved to learn that new scents would probably not be curtailed on the ground that they were products, provided only that the distributor was already an old hand at dispensing packaged fragrance. "The future of leg make-up was said to be in the balance." TGA men were glad to hear that the WPB order should furnish no excuse for "excessive conservation of cosmetic materials." Artists of puff and brush and pencil may carry on.

More striking is the recent appeal of the ASPCA for 1,000 able-bodied volunteers to care for pets in air raids in New York City. The uniform has not yet been specified but those who rally to the call will have the same right to circulate in bombed areas as any other civilian defense worker. Patting a head here and grasping a paw there, they will try to keep the city's vast feline and canine population happy. And indeed courses in animal first aid will enable them to render more substantial assistance when needed. Dogs must be muzzled before attempting to apply first aid, but even a stranger who looks them in the eye is supposed to inspire confidence. There is an organization known as "American Red Star Animal Relief" which has produced a leaflet on "The Care of Small Animals under War Conditions."

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Possibly the British have a better sense of proportion here; they have found that domestic pets help civilian morale, but for air raids they have a simple prescription: give your pet a sedative.

Justice

TODAY the New York *Times* has a news story, a background story—ex parte Milligan—and an editorial about the convening of the Supreme Court to determine whether or not the Court will entertain habeas corpus pleas from the saboteurs under trial before a Military Commission appointed by the President. All over the country there must be pride today that war or no war America retains respect for due process of law. Of course that is rhetoric; I do not know what people think "all over the country" and here in New York there are people who take no pride at all in what has happened. The strong, tough writers of the New York *Post* talk about "calling in nine Supreme Court justices to protect eight nazi rats." They say: "We don't know whether we are pleased or not . . . it seems like fair, exquisitely impartial justice, etc. It is also pretty fancy stuff . . . legalistic cookie-pushing . . ." Those are bad and vicious words and if America is to endure, America will not heed them.

In this office, at any rate, we think that what has happened is a wonderful thing. Save in England, it could not have happened anywhere else in the world. We think it a wonderful thing that the defense in the saboteurs' trial should act as a defense. There was a trial once in Italy where the defense spent all its time telling the court how burning the shame was in its heart that it should appear, even formally, to defend an enemy of the state—and the enemy was taken up in the morning to a fort on a cypressed hill outside Rome and was shot "nella schiena" in the back and too many of the firing squad shot high and they nearly blew off his head. We think it is a wonderful thing to have the jurisdiction of the Military Commission tested by the Supreme Court. We think that the Supreme Court is a pretty wonderful thing.

So do the Negroes, so do the Okies, so do the dispossessed. Sometimes it must seem to the very poor, to the greatly despised, to second-class citizens that the Supreme Court is the only court in which they can be heard. That justice is there in Washington and nowhere else. If only the Czar knew our plight, the Russian peasants used to say, if only we could break through and reach him he would desire justice and impart justice. The Czar not often could be reached and not always was justice his first concern; the faith of the peasant suffered and was tried until it broke and with it was shattered the state and confidence in the old régime. The peasant's faith was a faith in justice; it was a belief that, no matter what prevented justice from realization, the supreme power of the state was founded in justice, admitted its subordination to the ideal of justice. The advance we have over the Russian peasant of the old régime—and the new—is measured by comparing the liberty to act, the traditional responsibility and the will to justice of our Supreme Court with the liberty, responsibility and will of the Czar or of the Communist Party. We have a great advance.

It is all right at the top, it is all right with the American ideal of justice. There have been proofs of our will to justice, there is a national consent to the ideal of justice. It is all right at the top and all right in the theory and in the general acceptance of the theory. It is not all right, it has never been all right, it can never be perfectly all right in practice. It can never be even half all right so long as the hope of men for justice is directed only toward a few places, a few men, where, and in whom, they know justice can be found, so long as justice is out of sight, too far away, too hard to reach. Czar or Supreme Court—it does not matter; it is a question of degree. Justice cannot live, cannot be a thing we know and touch until it stands, strong and serene, in every town and city and village in every section of our land. Until a man, white or black, anywhere in America can find justice in the courts. And that means, until America, until men of all sections of America act on the conviction that all men of all races are possessed of equal dignity—we consent to this theory—until all Americans act on the immediate physical perception that these bodies of ours, black or white, try through brief joy and agony to live as long as they can, and soon die, and that they contain, all of them, in remote and irrevocable solitude, souls destined to justice.

In the first case that has come before America at war we have shown that all the apparatus of our justice is available to our enemies. That is a wonderful thing to have done. Had we acted otherwise, had we said these are enemies it does not matter, things would have gone harder with the Negroes in this country, with the dispossessed. The long and obdurate struggle for justice in this country would have been halted. And with the slackening here of our advance toward justice there would have come into the war we are fighting abroad something false, something diminished. For abroad, as here, we are attempting to succor what we think is just. Abroad, too, the aim of our action, of our war, is the desperately difficult aim of making justice possible, of bringing justice among men. Had we failed here—should we fail here—what hope and assurance could our forces carry with them, what promise on their banner.

C. G. PAULDING.

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England's Acres at War

Tractor and plow are freeing ships.

***By* Donald Attwater**

OF ALL the materials and goods of every kind utilized or consumed by the people of the U.S.A. every year, only one twenty-fifth, I am told, has to be imported from outside your own borders. Here in Great Britain we have to bring, in normal times, one-sixth of our wants from overseas. And of these imports a large proportion is food.

Before this war we were thus importing over three-fifths of our food requirements—more, if we add some millions of tons of feed for our cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry.

The standard of our best agriculture was very high; the standard of our average was deplorable. Since the artificial improvement of the last war, tens of thousands of acres had gone back to grass, tens of thousands more had gone to unproductive waste; hundreds of thousands of acres were covered with pasture that was worn out (particularly in Wales and Scotland was grazing land seriously depleted). There was widespread neglect of ditches, drains and hedges; farm houses and outbuildings were allowed to become uninhabitable. Only our livestock was good and plentiful.

Farmers and their workmen (those who had not migrated to the cities) fell back into their former slough. In the war years they had been urged and helped to cultivate intensively; now production was restricted, even artificially: "farming" became for the majority an affair of stock-raising, feeding the beasts on cheap imported stuff. The country folk of modern England are the unwanted people—except when votes or soldiers are required; only some six percent of the working population is engaged in agriculture anyway. We sell our manufactured goods abroad and take cheap food in payment. The results are desolating. But I am not talking about that.

What I am talking about is that at the present moment we are producing not under but well over two-fifths of our food requirements under rationing.

How have we done it?

First and foremost by using the plow. Farms over here run from some thousands of acres, farmed, it is said, scientifically, to little affairs of twenty and thirty acres; I have myself seen such in the Welsh hills where threshing is done with flails and grain is sown broadcast by hand. Every one of those 300,000 farmers has now been compelled to bring a proportion or an extra proportion of his land under plow. Many of them had forgotten (if they had ever known) the art of plowing! Others had not the necessary implements of cultivation. Our only big tractor works was considering shutting up shop in 1939: it now went into full blast, and farm machinery was ordered from U.S.A., from Canada and elsewhere. The voluntary county agricultural committees formed pools of implements on loan and of men to use them, and plowing contractors "extended their operations"—an ominous phrase! Are some of them making a good thing out of it? O boy!

The first year's target was two million extra acres of plowland, a fifty percent increase on our former total arable average. And now we have six million extra acres. Last year we had increased our wheat acreage by one-third—and it is feeding human beings, not animals as before the war. (Even so we are doing without six million tons of imported feed for livestock. One and a half million tons of silage in 1941, under 30,000 tons in 1939.) Warwickshire, for example, a grass county before the war, has now more land under wheat alone than it formerly had under crops of all kinds.

Other crops? Oats has gone from under two and a half million acres to nearly four million—mostly for animals. Potatoes: 700,000 acres in 1938, over one million in 1941, more this year. Vegetables: two and a half million tons in 1938, nearly four million in 1941. For these last two items we owe much to allotment holders (one and three-quarter million of them: double the pre-war number) and other private gardeners. They have raised some sixty million dollars' worth of vegetables, so releasing a corresponding area of land for crops that can't be raised in one's spare time. In this connection it is notable that village markets for the sale of vegetables are reviving, organized by the National Federation of Village Institutes; Oxfordshire already has a dozen such markets, Dorset has as many, and other counties are following suit.

The general line of the wartime program—planned nationally but carried out and regulated on local bases—was to step up the production of

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wheat, barley, oats, potatoes and milk, the last especially for the sake of children's health. Accordingly we have even increased our already excellent resources of dairy cattle, and we are not too badly off for home beef; but this has necessarily been at the expense of our sheep, pigs and poultry, whence a shortage of bacon and eggs (though I had the two for lunch today) and the awful price of chickens for the pot. Actually it was a question of maintaining rather than increasing the milk yield, and this has been achieved remarkably well in the circumstances: but as its consumption has gone up by no less than a quarter, a degree of rationing has been found necessary.

At first it was thought likely that, with whatever efforts, our food production under war conditions would be less than our normal production. This has been proved abundantly wrong, and it may be possible to do even better. For this we have to thank in the first place the excellent spirit of that much-abused man, the English farmer. Agriculture is now subject to a stricter control than any other productive activity, and farmers and their men, whose proper independent spirit is proverbial, are cooperating to the full. Inevitably skilled labor, male labor at all, is short, and every possible use has to be made of the Women's Land Army. This is the least popular of the women's services, but it is beginning to be slowly realized by people in general that it is one of the most important and valuable. In twelve months its numbers have nearly doubled, and now stand at about 30,000. Schoolboys and girls, undergraduates and Italian prisoners-of-war are among the other auxiliary workers.

The minister of agriculture, Mr. R. S. Hudson, has told the House of Commons that Great Britain as a whole has "pretty well reached the limit of tillage acreage that we can manage with such supplies of fertilizers, machinery and manpower as are in sight. From now onwards we have to undertake the much more difficult task of improving farm management and getting something more out of existing arable and remaining grass land."

Every farm is now locally classified as good, fair, or bad. "Fairs" have either to raise themselves to "good" or be relegated to "bad," where the county-committee supervision is so strict that the inefficient or lazy farmer may be turned off his land—a couple of thousand have been so dealt with already. Many agricultural research-stations and farm-schools have sent their staffs into the fields to spread their knowledge on the spot (some years ago I wrote in THE COMMONWEAL about the farm-schools in Cambridgeshire), and field demonstrations, lectures, leaflets and radio talks are being used with varying degrees of success.

Going about the country one still sees far too many small parcels of useful ground, gardens, etc., lying derelict, due sometimes to lack of labor, but often to want of individual enterprise. On the other hand much land never before cultivated is now growing food, including private parks, golf-links, school playing-fields and 300,000 acres of marsh which has been reclaimed in record time with the aid of every mechanical device. Thousands of miles of ditches and drains have been cut or renewed for the improvement of nearly three million acres, and big drainage undertakings are still in progress: the Ministry of Agriculture today has over 250 dragline excavators, where two years ago it had not a single one. Speaking of 8,000 acres of fen in Cambridgeshire, a journalist draws a romantic picture of American and English tractors, Australian stump-jumping plows and Canadian grub-breakers at work taming this wild tract, where soldiers and Lancashire mill-girls work side by side with the machines. It is perhaps an unfortunate figure of speech that this journalist should refer to the operations as a *panzer* attack.

This huge agricultural effort is made in abnormal conditions, against time, to meet a dire emergency of the nation. Its methods have to be directed to getting maximum and immediate results, almost regardless of everything else. Consequently those methods are mechanical, so far as is practicable where farms are so often small. It is said that England is today the most highly mechanized farming country in Europe; we have more tractors, not only relatively but absolutely, than pre-war Germany; we are told (and this I find hard to believe) that we have more tractors to the square mile than even the United States. These and drills and binders and cultivators and all the rest of the bag of tricks have been shipped to us by yourselves and Canada and Australia, so that in two years we have added two millions to our farm "horse"-power. What does this spell for the future. The final victory of factory-farming in Great Britain? And would that be a good or a bad thing? With these questions I am not concerned here; but I will point out one factor pulling the other way.

Farmers are regaining their self-respect, recovering from their sense of unwantedness and inferiority, and with that there is appearing a new spirit of cooperation. Not only imposed cooperation with the county committees, the "pools" of implements, of fertilizers, and so forth, but individual mutual help, cooperative plowing and harvesting, for example—good-neighborliness, in fact. An actual instance brought to my notice is that of a Bedfordshire farmer with more land than he can properly manage. He has told his workmen that, "I will plow this spare land of mine if you and your families will crop it, cultivate it and harvest it for yourselves in your own time." And the men are doing it—in partnership. Half the land has been sown with potatoes, peas

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and mixed crops, and the rest with sugar-beet (of which England is now producing about as much as her sugar factories can cope with).

Says the farmer just referred to: "Cooperative farming, I believe, will be the most important thing in the future. It is the only successful means of keeping men's interest in the land and keeping men themselves on the land."

There are some who think that there he has got hold of something which in the long run is far more valuable than the hundred thousand tractors that English agriculture is using today.

Belief in the Common Man

The new watchword, a new book, and a few elementary reflections.

By **Edward Skillin, Jr.**

IN CASTING ABOUT for a phrase that would bring out the positive aspects of the principles for which the United Nations are engaged in this, mortal struggle, Vice President Wallace and other leading American spokesmen have hit upon "belief in the common man." This sums up in a general way the actual difference in our outlook. It is brought forward as the direct opposite of the Nazi, Fascist—and indeed the Soviet—disregard for life and liberty. A manifestation of our respect for the human person, which ultimately has a religious foundation, it is to serve as a beacon of hope for the peoples of the world. Our platform is solicitude for, and belief in the potentialities of, all human beings everywhere. If this sounds like a large order, it must be stated emphatically that nothing less than this will serve as a basis for real democracy.

Concern for the common man here in the United States has been more marked in recent years. The term, "forgotten man," while to a considerable extent a political catchword played up for campaign purposes, did embody both in promise and performance a new concern for the underpaid, unorganized American worker, the dispossessed farmer, the unemployed. Within the past decade millions of workers have been effectively organized for the first time to carry on collective bargaining. The constructive work of such organizations as the Resettlement Administration, and the Farm Security Administration, though hampered by inadequate appropriations from meeting the vast rural needs of the nation, has enabled thousands of Americans to start life anew under highly favorable conditions. They are now more than making good. Housing progress though considerable has been slow, while nationwide government relief measures—including work relief to bolster self-respect and maintain skills—have given conclusive proof that the American government has now assumed responsibility that henceforth no person within our national confines shall die of want. All this is reassuring. With such an outlook and the world's greatest combination of natural resources and industrial plant, it is not unfitting that the United States should take the lead in championing the common man. When we reach the point of shipping some of our vast food and cotton surpluses to needy lands instead of plowing under, we shall achieve a greater right to such leadership. And the opportunity to demonstrate the sincerity of our promises still lies open today among the starving peoples of the conquered lands of Europe.

Paralleling recent developments toward more genuine American democracy achieved by the New Deal are strong opposing forces, however. So far-reaching is their effect that a good case could be made for the view that we are actually traveling more along the easy road toward "bread and circuses" than climbing painfully toward responsible democracy.

Perhaps most devastating of these forces is an ever increasing concentration of productive powers combined with continual urbanization of the population. Not only does the concentration of manufacture into considerably fewer huge plants make the individual worker's rôle more and more anonymous and atomic, but the existence of vast numbers of virtually propertyless workers, dependent for their livelihood either upon market and other uncertainties or a government dole, hardly makes for responsible citizenship. In this stage of union development the majority of the members in many labor unions play little effective part; the personal and political struggles of their leaders are often quite beyond rank and file influence. And while a greater and greater proportion of the population shifts to urban areas, the American farm itself is becoming more and more of a mass production affair, with agricultural workers facing greater poverty and insecurity than the urban proletariat. When this picture is completed by calling attention to the virtually de-

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fenseless condition of millions of sharecroppers, Negroes and migratory workers, the strength of one of the greatest forces working against the development of responsible citizenship can be appreciated.

Then there is the progressive weakening of religious faith throughout the land. That today more than half the American people do not even claim any church affiliation, coupled with the fact that a vast proportion of the remainder are merely occasional Sunday churchgoers is one indication. A comparison with the diaries, books, magazines and newspapers of a generation or two ago will indicate to what extent religious consciousness has receded from the American mind even since the turn of the century. And so, lacking a strong religious faith and adherence to the personal and social principles that spring from it, the vast majority of our compatriots are susceptible to whatever winds of opinion are currently predominant. The standardization of syndicated columns, radio programs, and news reels, while it often calls the attention of millions of Americans to important national problems, also makes it possible to sway the people in a given direction as never before. Religion is banned from the classroom of our public schools, while our educational philosophy and practice tend to be purely utilitarian and vacillating as well. The American citizen is becoming more and more responsive to various forms of standardized appeals, less self-reliant or responsible.

There is good reason to believe that the dictatorships carry in their dynamism the seeds of their own destruction. The failure of their gamble for world domination is widely held to be inevitable. Up to now, however, they have been remarkably successful. Did not Hitler eliminate unemployment in Germany? And will not the defeat of the Axis redound to the prestige of the Stalinist régime, the first that was able to throw a body block on the nazi mechanized legions? The effect of these examples of even temporary and illusory totalitarian success is a forcible one. And although the New Deal has brought a new sense of security to the American people, it has by the same token greatly strengthened the sentiment, "leave everything to the government." Finally the war has given new impetus to all these centralizing forces so inimical to the development of responsible democracy. A nation at war must be under unified control. In this mighty struggle our vast industrial machine becomes further centralized and coordinated; temporary new industries and plants also have to be created to meet the immediate emergency. The difficulty of converting them to peace-time use and the problem of employing the millions of the demobilized indicate greater dependency than ever as the immediate prospect for the common man.

*Professor Friedrich's book**

Considerations such as these play little part in the new volume by Carl J. Friedrich, who writes primarily as a political theorist and philosopher. His most plausible contention is that the great majority of men and women are more capable of judging rightly about ordinary matters, less likely to think and act unwisely, than the most talented and ruthless dictator. How then can we reverse the present tendency which allows others to do more and more of our thinking and acting for us, we might ask. What reason is there to suppose that there really is a *new* belief in the common man at this critical juncture in the nation's history? Professor Friedrich is an optimist.

He gives one example of the type of development from which much can be expected for American and world democracy. It is the local farmer committee system set up under the Department of Agriculture. That indeed is a step in the right direction, but I suspect that it is the only available example of any scope. The author also tries to indicate that the mass man of New York City does not represent the typical American. He tries to distinguish the mass man from the common man. One wonders how thoroughly he has observed in other American cities, listened in at barber shops and drug stores in smaller towns or even at the country store. His faith in the American "sense of workmanship" seems on the same optimistic plane. How in fact does it develop social consciousness for a man to realize that a factory product is solidly made when he does not know what went into its making. The efficiency of American mass production is a truism. And how many citizens know enough about the vast mass of administrative detail to be able to say definitely that a man elected to office has proved to be a superior workman or not? Didn't Calvin Coolidge get all sorts of credit for his sagacity and achievements at the time?

These are a few of the lacunae in Professor Friedrich's argument—to which might be added his overly-facile dismissal of the "Managerial Revolution" and of the dilemma between democracy and bureaucracy. And where does he get the impression that "religious convictions are the exception rather than the rule among scientifically trained professional persons today"? Possibly this is a slap at the Harvard faculty.

What his book does contribute is a number of good reasons—historical, philosophical and otherwise—for upholding the common man as against the tyranny of the modern dictatorship. He sees that a common task does much to dissipate the friction caused by differences in fundamental beliefs. He states, but unhappily does not develop,

*The New Belief in the Common Man. Carl J. Friedrich. Little. $3.00.

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the key observation that "most men will develop . . . interest only if the matter in hand is vitally related to their life." And he emphasizes the importance of character education. To have a real democracy the public must, in his view, participate in the foundation and carrying out of policy. But under present conditions he is overly sanguine about the caliber of the average American. How many of us when confronted with an actual situation think hard and get all the facts we can, reach sensible conclusions by ourselves with due deference to the experts and then act rationally too? Professor Friedrich must be given credit for wanting many of the right things even if he mistakenly thinks them close at hand and gives no indication how we are to achieve them.

The common man in action

Mr. Wallace's famous speech before the Free World Association dinner brought forward the ideal that all humanity should equitably share in the fruits of the earth. Starvation and want are to be unknown in the coming century of the common man. To approximate this ideal presents vast technical difficulties, particularly during and following a world-wide total war. The needs are so vast and even with our current surpluses the world supply of essential goods is strictly limited. Transportation difficulties are not by any means confined to the long distances over the high seas. The economics of distributing huge surpluses to needy lands has yet to be developed. Yet it is a relatively simple problem compared with the difficulty of enabling the common man to play the rôle in economy and government that will make post-war society genuinely democratic.

Demonstrations of what can be achieved in this direction have thus far been conducted on a small scale. The way the coal miners and fishermen of Nova Scotia have transformed themselves from listless dependents to enthusiastic community leaders indicates how it can be done. Adult education and cooperative organization have also attained comparable results for the peoples of Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden. It is high time that the importance of consumers cooperation be seen in its true light. The service of providing needed loans at low interest rates is a worthy one, for instance, but the social education provided by the organizing and operation of credit unions is infinitely more important. Likewise the cooperative store performs a useful function in assuring its members quality at low cost, but if the enterprise is organized and operated as a result of intelligent group study, that is the vital factor in the situation. Important as thrift is, our vision must go beyond the mere saving of money. Since everyone—no matter how unimportant and replaceable a cog in a gigantic industrial enterprise—is a consumer with credit needs, a real start toward responsible citizenship can be made in any American community. The coops have in fact proved to be the most useful instrument yet devised for enabling the common man of city and countryside to become more of a master of his own destiny in a world where power is unhealthily concentrated. The individual will not develop as a citizen of a democracy in splendid or ignoble isolation, but by working with his fellows to achieve a worthy common end.

The difficulties of reversing the iron trends of *laissez-faire* economics and economic warfare are enormous. Yet the very dislocations caused by war and demobilization present an opportunity for establishing new patterns. One of the most helpful of these will be the resettlement of millions of young men and their families on family-type homesteads. Here reliance will be placed on part-time farming to supply most of the items on the family dinner table or upon more complete subsistence farming with a certain acreage set apart for cash crops. The technique of doing this successfully has already been worked out by such agencies as the Farm Security Administration. Yet, if this is to be done on a sufficient scale to contribute to solving the problems of America's post-war economy and the development of a responsible citizenry with real interests to defend, plans must be drawn up now and after thorough preparation.

Labor unions themselves have much to contribute to this end. The labor schools conducted by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—not to mention the ACTU and Jesuit labor schools—are indications of what can be accomplished. The workers must eventually prepare to take their due place in the management of industry for the common good.

These are a few important examples of what must be widely done if the social and civic, above all the personal, potentialities of the common man are to be even approximately realized. But the point of it all is this. Left to themselves things will go quite the other way. The individual will soon play an even less active part in American civic and economic life. We may not have a personal dictator but the tyranny of an easily swayed majority would be a hardly more palatable alternative. Hopeful elegies of the common man will do little to prevent the more complete absorption of the individual by the state now actually in process. To succeed, democracy must be energetically sought and carefully nurtured in every quarter. For the forces arrayed against it even at home are stupendous. The attainment of a vital, responsible American democracy in these times would be a crowning achievement. It would give us far greater chance of success in championing the common man throughout the world. There

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actually was a certain amount of truth in the slogan that the last war was fought "to save the world for democracy." Yet our military victory led to the worst autocracies the world has ever seen. How can we expect that another victory in the field will automatically provide security and responsibility for the common man. Real democracy can be achieved only through unremitting, conscious effort.

Schindelmeiser

By **Edward L. Keyes**

I'm Jean de Bonton de Paris, de Paris,
I drink my divine eau de vie, eau de vie.
I ride out each day
In my little coupé,
And I tell you I'm something to see.

Curious, isn't it, what inconsequential rhymes pop into one's head after sixty years? I do not know why, even in my childhood, the rhythm of that jingle or the facts disclosed concerning high life in Paris should have stuck in my memory. Perhaps it was *Paree,* gay *Paree.*

I wonder whether, at my age, one's youth inevitably seems to have been unsophisticated. Judging from what one reads in autobiographies, it would seem so and certainly I remember myself as a lamb, an eager but ingenuous lamb, who never knew why his nurse said he was the worst boy in New York.

Now, in my seventieth year, the temptation is to dwell on what it feels like to be aged, to have given up the sad groping pretense at youth that smears the fifties and the early sixties. But I am fortified against that. I have spent the last few winters in Florida and it happens that Winter Park, where we go, swarms with retired teachers. These old men are marked, not so much by what they were in their prime as by their present contact with life. Like an unused sword, the wit or intelligence with which they carved out their careers grows rusty and dull as the battle of life no longer whets it. The ladies who have loved Society, God bless 'em, age more gracefully than do we men for they still practice their indoor sports, while the old Ph. D's. gradually forget their Ph. deeds.

So Jean de Bonton pops into my head and, oddly enough, Jean brings back memories of the noble, embittered representative of a rival race, the first German—and the best teacher—I ever knew.

Herr Schindelmeiser was a typical "Forty-eighter," a German rebel. He had studied, I think, to be an historian and his mind was more rigorously trained than any I had encountered up to that time, 1896, when I was an interne at the New York Hospital. By then a half century of living in disharmony with the world because of his arrogant, peremptory temper had brought him near to starvation.

Poor old Schindelmeiser! His father, I have understood, was a *kapellmeister* of some note in the Vaterland and it was murmured that "Schindel" himself had a packet of letters written by Wagner to the father which would have netted him a handsome sum, had he been willing to sell them. Not he! It certainly was stirring to watch him sitting there in his threadbare clothes and whisper to oneself! Not he!

In the classroom he was a devil. In his younger days he literally hurled his textbook at the head of the scholar, man or woman, whose recitation was not properly prepared. A German devil but a worn, one-legged German devil, for defeat, repeated over many years, had almost got him when we knew him. Five years later he was dead and there never was a more rugged Don Quixote than he in the middle Nineties. Lean of flesh and acrid of mind, it was only after the German lesson was over and we had adjourned to Reisenweber's over on Third Avenue that he unbent and beamed at our eager young impatience with the world.

I wish I could remember what he talked about as we thawed him out with the beer and sandwiches we could afford to give and he to take. What did he find to say to us children? I have long since forgotten. I really remember him only at our lessons and what sticks most clearly in my mind is the formula he used to hammer into our minds for the order of words in the German sentence. "Orter uf Voerts," he used to shout. "Indirect opject, direct opject. Opject, atverps. Atverps uf dime, blace, negation; odder atverps." Emphasis he had, to make you jump out of your chair. He needed his beer when the hour was over; so did we.

Once he must have been a footsoldier in the army of those that seek the truth, but that had been well beaten out of him. Now only precision was left him to adore. He was the best teacher I have known for he would not, he could not, accept an answer that was not precisely correct. I smile when I read some treasurer's report. "Good will, one dollar." Good will, in Schindelmeiser's class, was not worth one cent. "Dime, blace, negation, odder atverps!" I should be surprised to learn, even after almost fifty years, that my memory betrays me.

The Germans must be like that today, self-perfection their ideal and, like the mediaeval monks for whom à Kempis wrote, subduing the rebel in themselves by unremitting discipline.

Such was the elemental fascination of Schindelmeiser, no doubt; his savage self-discipline and the intrepidity with which he faced each new turn of evil fortune. He had small sympathy with us when a night on the ambulance had blurred our study hour. He was severe with us, yes, but he

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was merciless with himself. We know the end awaiting such a man but one does not speak of it.

The petty vanity that sat atop his pride was that he knew every date in history, at least every date we knew enough to ask him. He would defy you to stump him and you couldn't. And of it all, I remember only the famous year in which Shakespeare and Cervantes died, though I can't quite remember which year it was.

But once this poor old frayed and fragile thing had been gay, once he had been young and as full of fire and curiosity as the best of them. What a whirlwind he must have been, making love to every one of his young lady pupils, what time he was not (literally) throwing books at their heads. . . . Somehow, in those first days after his landing here, he fell to teaching my father German. Even then his teaching was incomparable and his state pitiable, so soon there was a gay assembly of young doctors sitting at his feet, dodging his books more successfully than his maxims. For a little while he would get their wives as pupils, too. But the barrage of books and loving looks soon scattered them. Later he was a teacher at St. Paul's for a brief while. One could have prophesied how long he would stop at a big school. That precise mind, that unbridled tongue, must have been a living reproach to such young instructors as were there to teach youth what a gentleman should know. I do not think anyone ever told me what happened there. When my father and "Stimmy" got around to the topic, they would just put their heads back and laugh and laugh until the tears ran down. Yes; he must have been like that, poor fellow!

Then it was a fashionable girls' school, which place he lost quite simply by correcting the English of the headmistress. After that nothing was left for him but private lessons, interrupted by the bouts of book throwing.

And the knee. I have no doubt he was early tuberculous and, stumping about town to his lessons, somehow he fell and injured his knee. It did not get better—and it did not get better. Some of the best doctors in town had been his pupils and could have tucked him into a hospital and nursed him along until his knee got well. But not he! He marched into a clinic where he was sure to be unrecognized and they shipped him into a ward and amputated his leg above the knee . . .

I drink a toast to you, my dear and honored master. You and harps and passive contemplation would never have got on; you must need a drink down there, this summer weather we're having. You were the most honest, the most indignant gentleman I have known and therefore you suffered almost every ill. I am glad you did not live among us during prohibition. The rest does not matter but I should not like to have had you know about that.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AS IT HAPPENED, it was on a Sunday that I read Mr. John J. O'Connor's new book, "The Catholic Revival in England"—one of The Christendom Series of condensed popular treatments of important topics and epochs in the history of Christianity, published by the Macmillan Company, New York, $1.00, and prepared under the joint auspices of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and a board of highly competent historians of which the chairman is Professor Ross J. S. Hoffman. As it also happened, that morning the parish priest had read from the altar the epistle for the day, from St. Paul, in which there occurs that haunting and most suggestive phrase, from the first letter to the Corinthians, in which the former persecutor of the Christians draws so terrible a picture of that falling away on the part of many of the early converts, and the comment: "Now all these things happened to them in figure, and they are written for our correction, upon whom the ends of the world are come."

There are so many other reviewers attached to the staff of THE COMMONWEAL that I may safely leave to one of them, at the discretion of the editor, the task of evaluating Mr. O'Connor's treatise, from the historical standards of value, and confine myself to some comments of a less technical nature, suggested by the coincidence related above. I may be permitted to remark, however, that having read at least a few of the larger and more detailed treatments of the period covered by Mr. O'Connor, I can testify that his sketch is very lucid, packed but not over-loaded with significant details and miniature portraits of the great figures of the time between 1770 and 1892. Its great interest is enhanced by its author's evident perception of the bearing of his story for the world today, and the world of tomorrow. For the story of the rising from the depths of degradation, of obscurity, of ostracism, of the persecuted remnants of the English Catholics, from the scattered sixty thousand or so of 1770 to the nearly two million revitalized souls of Manning's régime, as told by Mr. O'Connor, gives fresh and indeed poignant meaning to Saint Paul's pregnant comment: "Now all these things happened to them in figure, and they are written for our correction, upon whom the ends of the world are come."

As the author remarks in his preface, "present day Catholics in England, as their fathers and forefathers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, are fighting with all their strength for the survival of Christian traditions in Europe. In so far as any part of their existing system or their way of life may be incompatible with God's will, they are praying that their failings and errors may be put right, just as ardently as they are praying that the military and naval triumph of a pagan creed may be averted. Today there are many signs that the war has already aroused a profound awakening of the Christian tradition which had been stifled and dormant for years past." Without the work of the handful of leaders of the revival

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described in the main portion of Mr. O'Connor's book, that present vital condition of the Catholics of England would have, in all human probability, not have been reached. What success their present active work may achieve must remain as a subject for some future writer, provided, of course, that the conditions now being shaped in the gigantic world struggle will be such as to permit Catholic historians to write about revivals, in England, or anywhere else.

For already there are great countries in which Catholics are being slaughtered physically on a scale such as England in the worst days of persecution never witnessed; Poland, for prime example. And in Germany, Belgium, France, Holland, and in fact in all the countries conquered or controlled by the nazis, the scientifically applied nazi system of stamping out the basic organization of Christian life and culture, Protestant as well as Catholic, proceeds apace. The recent great advance of the nazi power, cooperating with the similar advance of the Japanese control in the Orient, with similar measures against Christianity a virtual certainty, though not yet as widely applied, combine the elements of defeat for all organized forms of Christianity vaster than any suffered in the past. Nor are we in America in a safety zone; or isolated, as Catholics, from the general peril. How the Catholics of England formerly met their fate, and how they are doing so today, as told by Mr. O'Connor, contain lessons for our instruction, possibly for our correction, as the end of the world we used to know draws nigh.

Communications

CATHOLIC DAILY

La Porte, Ind.

TO the Editors: I was happy to see the tribute, though small, paid to the late *Catholic Daily Tribune* by THE COMMONWEAL last week. The first daily paper I ever read was the *Catholic Daily Tribune,* then called the *Daily American Tribune,* and I have watched the dwindling struggle of the only English Catholic paper in America during most of its short life. But the brief obituary by you was the first good word I ever heard given it by a Catholic press or pulpit.

For many years I have been puzzled by the general attitude of most of the priests I have known and by the silence of other Catholic papers towards this paper. Most of my clerical friends and acquaintances have always treated the subject with a great deal of reserve, generally ignoring or evading it as much as possible. I have asked many why they never have spoken about this paper to their parishioners. I never received much of any kind of an answer. It seemed to be a touchy subject. Of the answers I did get there seemed to be four general reasons why the *Catholic Daily Tribune* shouldn't be supported: 1. It wasn't a very big paper. 2. It wasn't always correct in its editorial opinions. 3. By the time it arrived in some sections of the country the news was a day or two old. 4. It was run by stubborn men who refused to move it to a larger city than Dubuque, Iowa, where it would be more influential, and therefore it didn't deserve any support. Yet none of these ever seemed to me a satisfactory reason why the only English Catholic daily newspaper in our country should not be encouraged (and corrected) in its growth rather than abandoned.

All this has bothered me no end, for I have always thought that a Catholic daily in English was a rather important instrument both in a Catholic home and in the field of practical apologetics. This dates back to my childhood when my mother, leaving her children and postponing her housework, would solicit subscriptions for this Catholic daily. She did this not for any particular regard for the paper itself, but primarily because she felt the necessity of there being at least one English Catholic daily in our country.

America does need a Catholic daily and needs it badly. It needs one that can compete with any secular daily on the newsstands of our large cities. America needs it as badly as Americans need Catholic philosophy, morals and standards in their daily life. Particularly does America need a daily that can present the Catholic arguments in the formation of the post-war national and world order.

What I am afraid of is that with the demise of the *Catholic Daily Tribune* the idea may fade from our minds. An idea, unused, soon slips into oblivion. Whatever the shortcomings—and they were manifold—of the *Catholic Daily Tribune,* let us not abandon the idea which was good and is now very urgent. In order to prevent this I would like to see a discussion started in this journal, perhaps in a series of articles by qualified men, laymen and priests, on the necessity, function, formation and requirements of an English Catholic daily.

Let us start this discussion not only to keep the idea of a Catholic daily alive, but to be fair to those men who might wish to finance such a worthy project. Whatever the reasons any priest or bishop may have for not wishing to actively support a Catholic daily, let us have them in all frankness; let us also know what he would like to support. Let us attempt to present a clear blueprint of the cases for and against a Catholic daily so that those who want to start such a publication may know just what they are up against.

The case for an American Catholic daily deserves a hearing before the council of our minds before it is too late.

BURNETT C. BAUER.

"ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL"

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In THE COMMONWEAL for July 10, Mr. Harry Sylvester in his review of "Only the Stars Are Neutral" writes, "He [Quentin Reynolds] talked to the Jesuit, Father Braun, who says Mass publicly every day in Moscow."

The Reverend Leopold Braun, A.A., attached to the Church of St. Louis of France, Moscow, U.S.S.R., is a member of the American Province of the Augustinians of the Assumption (Assumptionists). Father Braun is an alumnus and former member of the faculty of the Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

BROTHER ANGELUS RAPHAEL, F.S.C.

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The Screen

Of Deer and Men

A NEW feature-length film from the Disney Studios is a treat even when the film is not Disney at his best. And I'm sorry to report that for my money *"Bambi"* is not Disney at his best. Evidently the master could not make up his mind whether he was going in for realism or fantasy in bringing the Felix Salten book to the screen. He might better have stuck to fantasy; for when his staff of artists got too realistic in their drawings of the forest their sets look like nothing more than old-time scenery; and at times this stage scenery belongs too much to the Maxfield Parrish school. But in the parts of "Bambi" that are fantasy, in the film's early sequences when the woodland creatures go about their everyday lives, we see the Disney imagination that is loved the world over. Man and boy will get a thrill out of the baby deer. The other animals rush to see the new-born prince and they all congratulate Bambi's mother on having such a fine son. "But he's kinda wobbly," says Thumper frankly and truthfully as Bambi stands on his legs for the first time. You get to love Bambi as he awkardly tries his spindly legs, as he learns to walk and talk, as he cavorts with the bunnies and makes new friends. He naively names his skunk pal, "Flower." And he's boyishly bashful as he meets Faline who giggles like a schoolgirl. Then there's Bambi's first romp with his mother in the meadow; and best of all there's his first winter snow and the wonderful discovery of what fun he can have on the ice with his friend Thumper. If ever an actor stole a picture from the leading player, Thumper steals this one. This buck-toothed, Mickey Rooneyish rabbit is a sheer delight—when he's reciting epigrams for his mother, when he is teaching Bambi how to slide and even when he's twitter-patted (as everyone in this forest is in the springtime). Unfortunately, however, Bambi has to grow up. During the last third of the film our interest lags when he becomes a buck and finally a brave prince like his father.

Walt Disney does some unusual things with color as he suggests the mood with flashes of red, green, yellow. The music, while including no outstanding songs, is pleasant and in keeping with the woodsy background. The villains of the piece are men—particularly hunters, who as you might imagine bring terror into the forest. Even though "Bambi" isn't first-rate Disney, it has much charm and plenty of good Disney that is a pleasure to behold. And if you miss Thumper, you miss a lot of fun.

Those movie-goers who always venerate French films and slur at Hollywood products might look at *"Cross-roads"* to see how this American version surpasses the French film made in 1939. The French version was kept so plain and simple it was almost drab. Whereas M-G-M's new film gains interest through its excellent production and the good acting particularly of the supporting cast. The melodrama in the screenplay by Guy Trosper (written from the story by John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers) has a mystery and problem that will keep you guessing. Is the French diplomat, David Talbot, really himself or is he Jean Pelletier, the notorious criminal? Talbot knew he was the victim of amnesia in 1919. But who died, Talbot or Pelletier? This story of the man who is the victim of blackmailers is unfolded with excellent suspense by Director Jack Conway. The tale drags at times, particularly because you are anxious to get on to the solution. And the solution comes a little too fast and easily, but you will be kept entertained as the story works itself out. William Powell plays the central figure with moving conviction. Full well might he be upset by the plotting against him, for his bride is Hedy Lamarr. Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor and Margaret Wycherly turn in excellent performances as the upsetters.

When Hollywood thinks of Texas, it concentrates on the Alamo, Sam Houston or that period immediately after the Civil War. In this latest concentration called *"Men of Texas,"* we are given a dose of the latter with plenty of Guerillas, Carpet Baggers, Southerners still fighting the war and Northern soldiers trying to establish order. A couple of Chicago newspaper men (Robert Stack and Leo Carrillo) come down to cover the mêlée; and when they get to know too much they are kidnaped by Brod Crawford, the leader of the misguided zealots who want to free Texas from the North. Now most of the Texans, as represented by John Litel, Jane Darwell, Anne Gwynne and Jackie Cooper, are just rabid and proud Southerners who resent the Northern intruders. But Brod and his gang had a taste of guerilla warfare under Quantrell in Kansas, and instead of being the patriotic Robin Hoods they think they are, they become 1865 gangsters. Their raids lack any semblance of unselfish heroism; in fact Brod acts more like a psychopathic killer than a crusader for a cause. The law, headed by the military governor of the district (Ralph Bellamy) triumphs when a true leader of the old South (Litel) convinces the good Texans that they are Americans. None of this routine stuff proves very exciting. The scenery of course is swell, but Director Ray Enright allows the melodramatic script to become an 1865 version of "Little Caesar." The cast aren't able to do much with the shallow rôles; most of them don't even try. Jackie Cooper does manage to get a note of honesty into his performance as a true Southerner. Perhaps the rest of the cast were frightened by the spirit of Houston that hovered around, and, in one scene, actually spoke out of the clouds.

"Theres One Born Every Minute" isn't exactly an outstanding comedy, but it does have some humorous touches that will keep you chuckling. Hugh Herbert knows how far to go with his brand of clowning. As Lemuel Twine, candidate for mayor, he shoots the works. Director Harold Young uses the script's satire on campaigning and advertising methods as good background for the likable comedian's tricks. Don't pass this little picture by if it's on your double bill. The scene in which one of Twine's illustrious ancestors steps out of his frame and does a take-off on the "Our Town" narrator is first-rate burlesque.

That the movie-going public will turn out for a good picture is illustrated by the phenomenon of "Mrs. Miniver." It is doing top business at New York's Radio City Music Hall, where it has already been seen by 1,200,897 people.

PHILIP HARTUNG.

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Nazi Rule and Violence

By CHARLES P. BRUEHL

UNPLEASANT as it may be, it is nevertheless imperative to lift at least an edge of the curtain that screens the horrors going on under nazi rule. Nazi brutality must be pilloried before the eyes of the world for man's inhumanity to man has never manifested itself in a starker form and more unabashed manner. Besides ruthlessness in this case has taken on the character of a policy with an ideological background to serve as a rational vindication.

Three books dealing with the topic of nazi atrocities have come to the desk of the present writer and reveal an incredible state of affairs.[1] The reader gets the impression that the happenings set forth belong to a remote age of barbarity which our race is supposed to have long since outgrown. Only with an effort can he make himself realize that he is in the presence of contemporary events. Nothing could give a better idea of the nature of the nazi horror than this feeling of nightmarish unreality that persists in the reader.

To enter into details would be profitless. It is quite enough to state that the three volumes bear the earmarks of authenticity. The moderation and restraint of the authors furnish the best guarantee of the truthfulness of the narrative. There is not a trace of sensationalism except perhaps in the title of one of the books. Still, that title is amply justified by the contents of the volume, and the author can hardly be blamed for using a drastic expression in view of the things he has witnessed and experienced.

Violence in human affairs is destructive. It recoils on those who make use of it. Nations live by the instincts of sympathy, pity and mercy. If these are eradicated for the purpose of building up a virile race of supermen, the nation seals its own doom because it destroys the forces that protect life. The safety of the strong is inseparably bound up with the safety of the weak. Unless the life of the helpless is absolutely sacred and inviolable, all life, including that of the strong, is rendered precarious. Once the brute instincts have been aroused they cannot easily be curbed. Eventually the supermen turn on each other and become the victims of the tradition of violence which they have established. To this fact the French Revolution bears eloquent witness. The so-called purges of our own times teach the same lesson. Its most striking illustration is found in the Niebelungenlied which ends in universal slaughter. For the protection of humanity the moral universe is governed by the law that the violent exterminate their own kind, leaving the earth to the possession of peaceful men.

The nemesis of violence is violence. The spirit of a people cannot be broken by the application of violence but by oppressive measures a subdued nation may be goaded to revolt. Cruel secret police methods arouse resentment and prepare the way for fearful vengeance. The avenger dogs the footsteps of the oppressor and his dagger is unsheathed to do its bloody work and wreak terrible retribution. Hostages, deportations, the razing of whole villages and the threat of fierce retaliation will not stay the hand of the slayer. The hangman will perish in the atmosphere of terrorism which he has created. The lot which he has meted out to others will finally overtake him. Cruelty cannot ensure security. Yet, political assassination, however much provoked, is morally indefensible; nor does it serve any useful purpose because it leads only to sterner measures of repression. The seeds of violence keep on growing into a bloody harvest.

Ordinarily the downfall of a violent régime does not come about by private and individual retribution, which may harass the agents of the government but can hardly ever overthrow a despotic rule that is strongly entrenched. Common sense counsels patience and self restraint until a general uprising becomes feasible or liberation arrives from the outside. Such assistance from other nations is bound to come because violence calls forth the indignation of decent men and summons the free peoples of the world to the rescue of the oppressed. The common cause of mankind is at stake and a sinister threat reaches out to all the cherished values of civilization; the common danger creates a unified front against oppression. Violent nations find few allies but make enemies in the remotest corners of the globe. They are out of tune with the spirit of our age and shock even the most peaceful nations out of the easy ways of isolationism and non-intervention.

The most important consideration about any human action is its repercussion on the agent. What counts here is the immanent effect which remains in the personal agent and stamps him with a definite moral quality. Man's actions are never wholly transient, they stay with him and leave their imprint on his character. That is the psychology underlying the quotation, "Be not overcome by evil," from the epistle of St. Paul. Evil must be overcome but this must be accomplished in such a manner that in the process I myself am not tainted, for in that case the evil has only been transferred. It has not been conquered but it has conquered me. In mere retaliation no moral purpose has been achieved for the *lex talionis,* the law of tooth and claw, operates on the plane of impulse and instinct.

The evil is really overcome only when the vengeful spirit has been quenched and no spark remains which may again burst into flame. In this respect force is utterly futile. A new factor must enter: "Overcome evil by good." The aggressor must be made to see the error of his ways; he must be overwhelmed with shame, remorse and repentance; his faith in force must be destroyed. Force can neither kill bad ideas nor engender wholesome convictions. The bayonet is a sterile instrument. Militarism is not defeated by militarism; the armament race of our age is sufficient evidence. Militarism will be dead only then when its folly and futility have been recognized, that is when a better system of guaranteeing national

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Four Years of Nazi Torture. By Ernest Winkler. New York: D. Appleton-Century. $2.50.

The Beasts of the Earth. By Georg M. Karst. Translated by Emil Lengyel. New York: Albert Unger. $2.00.

Polish White Book. German Occupation of Poland. Extract of Note Addressed to the Allied and Neutral Powers. Republic of Poland, Ministry of Foreign Affairs. New York: The Greystone Press. $2.00.

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safety has been put into effect.

Experience shows that violence settles nothing but merely perpetuates itself. The most impressive example of the self perpetuation of violence presents itself in the feud and the vendetta, which produce an endless trail of blood. Men here are caught in a vicious circle from which they cannot escape unless a higher force which breaks the inexorable sequence of the law of action and reaction is inserted into the situation. In most cases the feudists themselves are tired of the fruitless bloodshed and loathe the awful legacy on which they have entered and which they in turn will bequeath to their descendants. Yet nothing can undo the spell until one of the parties heroically renounces further revenge and prepares the way for reconciliation.

In a similar manner the nations of the old world groan under the burden of an evil heritage which so far they have been incapable of liquidating. Peace precariously rested on armed alliances maintaining a temporary but very uncertain balance of power. Force has failed to get the European nations out of this blind alley and to provide adequate protection for any one of them. It would be tragic if no way could be found out of this impasse, if periodically recurring bloodshed had to be accepted as inevitable. What physical force cannot accomplish moral force can do. As in private life so also in international relations the idea of revenge must be abandoned. Up to the present the world has been dominated by fear, and where fear rules, war is not far off. What alone can prevent future wars is a world order in the preservation of which all nations are equally interested. When fear has been banished and all enjoy security and a reasonable measure of well-being, militarism will be stripped of its fascination.

In the new world order force will not be used to settle difference but to compel acceptance of a just decision. This constitutes a radical departure from accepted international practice according to which sovereignty involves the absolute right to wage war at the discretion of the ruler. Let us be honest in this matter. As long as this utterly immoral view persists even the most wantonly unjust war cannot be called a crime. But the use of force in international relations is subject to moral restrictions and, hence, must be regulated and limited by international law.

Reprisals do not mean simply the repulsion of aggression nor the use of accepted means of civilized warfare. The word has an ominous and ugly sound. As reprisals are not directed against military objectives they do not materially influence the outcome of the war but serve only to inflict needless suffering on the civilian population and to destroy treasured cultural landmarks. The enemy who introduces such vile fighting methods proceeds from a false psychology and miscalculates their effect. For instead of cowing the population they only bolster the grim determination to win. It is quite understandable that a population harrowed by such indefensible outrages will call for reprisals and that the military authorities will, albeit reluctantly, yield to the popular outcry. Reprisals fall under the category of revenge and they drag the chivalrous fighter down to the level of his unchivalrous opponent. Meanwhile the war is conducted on a lower and lower plane. The enemy may deserve to get a taste of his own vile medicine but how does it affect those who still believe in fundamental decency to have such methods forced upon them? The only way to avoid a further deterioration of the war is by concentrating all our forces on a decisive blow that will put an end to the sordid business.

The present world situation offers an opportunity to get out of the clutch of the mechanical sequence of action and reaction, and to change the drift of history into a direction more in harmony with the requirements of morality. Nazidom, in its ideology as well as in its political embodiment, must be destroyed. To this purpose the present war is consecrated. But the winning of the war is only preliminary. What counts is the use which is made of the victory. The victory will be a sterile thing if in the ensuing peace the victors surrender to the sinister forces which they have set out to conquer. The loss of the peace in that sense would amount to a moral catastrophe because it would imply the defeat of the high principles and humane ideals for the preservation of which the war is being fought; it would postpone the advent of a better order for at least another generation. Hatred and vengeance can make no lasting peace, they can only produce chaos and anarchy. If the peace settlement is to command respect, to prove binding in conscience, to elicit the sentiment of loyal acceptance and to arouse the sincere resolve of fulfilling its provisions, stern as they may be, it must be such that the better elements in the defeated nations recognize its justice. After all, men do bow to the sublime majesty of justice, and reverence for its sacred character has inspired culprits to seek punishment of their own free will in order to be reinstated in the community. While it is not true that might is right, it is emphatically true that right is might, namely a power that will compel recognition and subdue conscience.

A people may actually welcome defeat as the only means to deliver it from an odious tyranny. The four freedoms will look like heaven to the German people after the experiences they have gone through under nazi rule. It may well be that the majority of the nation desires the victory of the allied democracies as ardently as the conquered countries ground down under the nazi heel, but this desire cannot be voiced until the nazi government totters.

In the event of the victory of the Allies (which may be regarded as a certainty) theirs will be the opportunity to remake the shape of things for the future. If after having vanquished the enemy they keep their solemn pledges to the defeated nations, force as the only means of assuring national security will be discredited and its place will be taken by faith. On the other hand, if the promises are broken, the creed of force receives new confirmation and the cause of humanity once more shall have been betrayed. The new international experiment involves a risk, but it is a risk worth taking; it is a gamble (so is all moral action, so it all magnanimity, generosity, forgiveness) but a gamble for big stakes. In fact, it is a necessary experiment, a chance that must be taken. Humanity cannot go on living by force.

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Books of the Week

There Were No Frontiers

Memoirs of the Life of Philip Mazzei. Columbia. $4.00.

THESE memoirs, first printed in Italy in 1845 and long out of print there, are here presented for the first time in English dress by Howard R. Marraro, assistant professor of Italian at Columbia University. Their author, Mazzei (1730-1816), business man, scientific farmer, medieval student, diplomat, democrat (although a counselor to kings), was really a citizen of the world, although claiming America as his adopted country. His sterling integrity of character, unaffected modesty, and admirable common-sense made him the intimate of many of the leading men of his day both here and in Europe, and the reliability of his transcriptions of his relations with them has been attested by the Italian philosopher and historian, Benedetto Croce.

Born in a little Tuscan hill town ten miles from Florence of undistinguished but prosperous parents, the boy early showed great independence of character, selecting for himself the career of a surgeon. Before he had completed his medical education, while living with relatives at Leghorn, he fell in with a distinguished Jewish practitioner on the point of returning to Smyrna and was easily persuaded to accompany him. This proved to be the first of a series of journeys that took him over the greater part of what was then known as the civilized world, and not the least among the fields of interest covered by these memoirs concerns the methods and incidents of travel in the middle of the eighteenth century. Post chaise was the most common method in Central Europe, but when the confines of the Austrian Empire had been passed resort must be had to horseback or a private conveyance, in which one took along a feather-bed, sheets, pillow and rug, besides a supply of bread. In the Balkan countries, then under Turkish control, these conditions differed inasmuch as beds were available in certain places, where one could also obtain food, but the roads were infested with robbers against whose depredations the government assigned each party a guard of two janizaries sworn to die in defense of those placed under their protection. The practice of tipping did not exist in Turkey, and these men, who defended with their bodies the entrance to every shelter for the night, refused all compensation for their services. To compensate for the hardships of the journey it was customary, whenever a sizable town was reached, to rest for several days, and this gave rise to the formation of new friendships or the renewal of old which led in turn to a stay of weeks, or even months, at no expense to the traveler.

From Smyrna Mazzei traveled by ship to England, taking with him an assortment of dried fruits and drugs, which became the basis of a profitable career as a merchant in London, where he fell in with Thomas Adams and other Americans, who inspired in him a desire to visit the colonies. His first impressions of British freedom were very favorable, but the custom of impressment of men (including foreigners) for the navy and the ability of the government to control votes in the Commons led him to change his mind, and when Parliament canceled the free election of John Wilkes he decided to depart and cast in his future lot with the colonists in America. Before leaving he predicted that mutual disbelief in the readiness of the other to fight would lead inevitably to the colonies' revolt.

In Virginia, where he arrived at the end of November, 1773, after a journey home to take leave of his family and to collect plants and merchandise which he thought would be of value in establishing himself in his new surroundings, his letters assured him a warm reception. George Washington he met rather casually, and eventually all the other prominent Virginians, but it was Jefferson who became his intimate friend and neighbor, Mazzei purchasing almost at once a large tract of land in the immediate vicinity of Monticello. Without any loss of time over naturalization (unknown in those days) he was accepted at once as a citizen and elected a member of one of the so-called "independent companies" formed for the defense of the colony. Writing pamphlets on the defects of the English constitution, initiating agricultural reforms and making plans for the importation and raising of European products in America, he proved himself so useful a citizen that upon Jefferson's advice he was named by the governor (Patrick Henry) Virginia's agent in Europe on economic affairs. Arriving there in 1779, it was not until 1783 that he returned to America, to remain for less than two years. He was able to accomplish little on his mission, which was disapproved by Franklin on the ground that such matters were the affair of Congress, not of the individual states.

The remainder of Mazzei's life was spent in Europe. He became the agent in Paris of the liberal King Stanislaus of Poland, who was unable to prevent the partition of his country between the great powers, Russia, Austria and Prussia. He was in Paris at the outbreak of the French Revolution and was one of the founders of the "Club of 1789," a rival of the Jacobins and dedicated to "union and peace." Most interesting are his accounts (many of them those of an eye-witness) of the opening events of the revolution. Always and everywhere he was the advocate of America, of which he said that it was the only country in the world where one man could differ from another radically and yet remain his friend. One of the last acts of his life was a trip to Florence and Rome to execute a commission from Jefferson to find sculptors for the Capitol at Washington. J. K. PAULDING.

FICTION

Knight of El Dorado. Germán Arciniegas. Viking. $3.00.

ONE of the most prominent figures in the literary world of Colombia makes his bow before the North American public with his eminently readable, historically well-grounded, human characterization of Don Gonzalo Jimenez de Quesada, "Knight of El Dorado," or perhaps, the immortal Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Great and moving is the tale of the fearless leader of fearless men, who sets forth to discover the virgin land of the Chibchas. No white-plumbed knight is this wily lawyer who can wield words as well as swords, and who steadfastly sets out to carve an empire for himself, but a fighting, scheming, stalwart valiant who never despairs and never relents.

The author has captured the essence and spirit of the conquest which comes alive before the reader's eyes, unfolding swiftly and vividly. He sees the marching men, now bright-eyed and eager with the hope of loot, now weary and wan from gnawing, sickening hunger, now bloody and maddened in the din of battle. Inch by inch did the Indian contest his ancestral lands, in blood and human life did he take his toll, but with the same relentless, unswerving passion did the Spaniard cling tenaciously

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to his dream of conquest.

Only the strongest and the bravest reach the fertile fields of the King of Bogotá and live to tell of the torrential rains, the snake infested swamps, the venomous mosquito, the stealthy puma, the poisoned dart, and greatest of all terrors—the fabulous alligator! "Those soldiers who were conning the first pages of their apprenticeship in the things of America," says Arciniegas, "met the alligator—a monumental lizard, a lizard out of some far geologic past, with jaws which could devour a man at a single gulp, and they were stirred with enthusiasm, terror and admiration. As if the poisoned arrows were not enough, the alligator seemed to the soldiers the first definitive sign of the New World."

The lawyers resorted to diplomacy, the Indians were subdued, and in the valley of Bogotá, these men, homesick at heart, founded the city which they called New Granada.

Nor does the book pale when, Quesada's days of conquest over, we must follow him through tedious court intrigues and wasteful days of revelry in Italy. Back in New Granada, without title or authority, the grand old man begins the most fruitful phase of an amazing career, more influential in his dignified retirement than ever he was in action. Warm, human, just, beloved of all, a little grandiose and a little whimsical, he does, indeed, seem to bear out Mr. Arciniegas's theory that he was the original inspiration for Cervantes's masterpiece.

The beauty and richness of the style of Germán Arciniegas is never wordy or exuberant. Notice the skilfully controlled and chastely sober poetic strain underlying his descriptions:

"In that great plain at the top of the Andes, enamelled by the trembling blue of the lakes and shaded by emerald clumps of underbrush, lies, I think, the very heart of America. . . . The petals of all the winds come together here as in the rosy heart of a flower."

"Knight of El Dorado," though serious in tone, is flavored throughout with that delightful, subtle, often biting humor of the Bogotano, who thinks no man greater than his fellow-man. Mr. Arciniegas approaches history with a healthily questioning attitude, is skeptical of chroniclers and historians, and likes to draw his own conclusions in his appraisal of conquerors and heroes, men and motives. He fills a crying need in Spanish-American literature for modern biographers and historians, and from the vast treasure-house of his own country's legends and traditions will undoubtedly continue to enrich our knowledge.

The book has lost none of its original charm and flavor in translation, and for this highest praise is due Mildred Adams. LULÚ VARGAS VILA.

PAINTING

American Primitive Painting. Jean Lippmann. 102 *Reproductions. Oxford.* $5.00.

AS A foreigner might not unreasonably have foreseen, the American is a man not at all unlike other men—possibly of a type even more general and more inclusive than are many since he is the product of the fusion of many races.

From this magnificently commonplace observation there are some conclusions to be drawn and Jean Lippmann's book illustrates them exceedingly well. The first is this: the American is not originally and essentially less gifted for art than are the inhabitants of other countries. The American "primitives," the American "occasional" painters stand as evidence to prove both the existence and the abundance of the natural artistic gifts possessed by the American people.

The things which kill this spontaneous gift for art are, in the first place, the mediocrity and the cultural vulgarity of a social environment where, properly, such artistic inclination should find necessary stimulus for its full development; secondly the fascination and the attraction produced by the prodigious material achievements in which almost all the living forces of the country have been for so long engaged—finally, the unfortunate example and teaching of the professors and the academicians. Artistic inclination and talent exist in America and among all classes of Americans, but are killed or rendered sterile each generation, automatically, as fast as they arise. Naturally enough, this process persists even now under our eyes but at least we should no longer permit such a quiet and deadly massacre to take place under the propitious obscurity of a persistent misunderstanding. For too long now Americans have been willing to think that for one reason or another they are less gifted artistically than are people of other countries. Such is not the case. In America talents are murdered and probably such talents are as numerous as anywhere else.

There is, then, as great a natural gift for the arts here as anywhere else, but precisely because such is the truth we must avoid another, and contrary, illusion. American talent is like European talent. It simply is not true that the primitives in this book possess any very particular characteristics. They have hardly anything which might be called specifically American. They are marked only by a few accidental differences. It was more common here than in Europe to work from a stencilled design. The influence of chromos or popular prints shows in the forms to a greater extent than abroad. There is a marked romantic sentimentality. But in American primitives and in European primitives there are exactly the same qualities and the same weaknesses and from these arise the same problems. The plastic value in these works and all that there is in them of valid style is in an inverse ratio to their capacity for reproducing exactly and accurately material reality. Just as soon as 'primitive" artists "know" something, their real gift of expression vanishes: a certain lack of knowledge—hence a certain poverty of means—is the ransom they must always pay for all that is pure and fresh in their quality.

Yet, after all, no matter how poor they may be, how limited they may be in the means they possess, these are the men who, until real masters shall arise, remain the true artists of America. They and not the illustrious and expensive official painters who know how to do everything and who, knowing how to do everything and doing everything, produce nothing. M. A. COUTURIER.

WAR

Russians Don't Surrender. Alexander Poliakov. Translated from the Russian by Norbert Guterman with an Introduction by Pierre van Paassen. Illustrated with Photographs. Dutton. $2.50.

IT IS a commonplace saying today that the second World War is "unromantic." The officers and men who fight in it have lost that spirit of adventure, initiative and individual courage which characterized the soldiers of former wars. The present struggle on various fronts is reduced to the maneuvering of motorized armies, operating with the precision of clockwork, but deprived of all human dramatic element.

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Alexander Poliakov's war-diary, which gives an account of the first months of the nazi invasion in Russia, reveals to us that very human dramatic element denied to "modern warfare." As Pierre van Paassen puts it in his introduction, this book is something "more than literature." It is an epic tale, simple as life itself, which makes us feel that this war is not only carried on with tanks and guns, but that the human material is essential in it.

A few days after the nazi invasion, Poliakov's unit was encircled, and fought for several weeks against overwhelming odds, before managing to break through to rejoin the main forces of the Red Army. The author, born in the Voronezh region, which now has become the scene of other epic battles, is the son of a railway repair-worker, and went to the front as a soldier and war correspondent. He relates the numerous adventures and episodes of this gallant fight, and sketches the portraits of his comrades at arms—the cool, sturdy commander Galitsky, the impetuous Major Shchuka, chief of the scout battalion, mess-chief Shafran, always ready to provide the men with a good meal, in spite of endless difficulties and alarums, the reckless, resourceful liaison-men, such as Linko and Lukach, and the sharpshooters and range-finders.

Alexander Poliakov makes us feel indeed that each of these men is a personality, fighting on his own initiative, yet well disciplined and readily obeying the commander's orders. Each of them is imbued with the will to resist the enemy; each of them is conscious of one essential fact: that his people and his fatherland are waging a great national struggle.

This book also helps us to grasp the difficulties encountered by Hitler's steel-clad units in Russia's boundless spaces. Here they have to fight against both nature and man, who is, so to say, part of nature. The nazi tank columns, unaccustomed to these new conditions of warfare, keep to the roads and shun the great forests. But the Russian soldier feels at home in these immense woods, where he lies in ambush and springs on the enemy when the latter least expects it. Poliakov relates many thrilling, dramatic and even amusing incidents, as for instance the story of the ruse by which the Russians, by maneuvering their way between two nazi columns, marching on two parallel roads, induced them to fire on each other. And there is the story of the Red Army man, Sidorenko, who, disguised as a German traffic man, and having learned the enemy's traffic signals, diverted several nazi tank columns, even ordering some of them to turn back.

And it is not only the regular Red Army man with whom the enemy has to deal, it is the entire population: the peasants hiding the food from them, imperiling every step of their advance through partisan warfare; the old men and the children acting as scouts; the brave girls, acting as nurses, liaison agents and radio operators in the most exposed sectors of those "inside fronts" created by encirclement. Here is the description of one of these girls:

"Marusia Chubikova is a medical assistant. She is eighteen years of age, white-skinned, delicate and frail as glass. Neither her military tunic, her boots, her pistol can give her an air of military grimness. . . . Simple, unassuming and silent, she tends the wounded in a spirit of complete abnegation. Over and over I have seen her sitting beside some soldier swathed in bandages and lying on a pile of leaves. . . . She is absorbed in some intense meditation: I wish I could take his pain on myself—her eyes seem to say . . ."

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Alexander Poliakov's war-diary is not only a spirited account of military exploits and feats of high courage. It also brings us closer to the Russian people, to its unconquerable soul, to the "complete abnegation" of its men and women, which is the key to Russian resistance.

HELEN ISWOLSKY.

BRIEFER

Turkey. Barbara Ward. Oxford. $1.00.

THOSE who have had hopes that Ankara would come into the war on the side of the United Nations will not find much in this factual little volume to encourage them. One of the reasons is the peculiar character of Turkish nationalism. According to the author, the Turks met the problem of their disintegrating empire by deciding to concentrate on building up their own homeland; they abandoned pretensions to colonies of other peoples. The possibility of conquest has no strong appeal for them. In the second place the advance of the Axis into the middle East has virtually cut off Turkish trade with Britain and the Allied Nations. As early as January, 1941, Turkey's exports to Germany had clearly passed those to Great Britain, and new trade arrangements were made with Germany about a year ago. In addition to controlling trade through the Straits, the Germans now threaten the whole northern coast of the Black Sea. All that is left outside their control is over land. Under such circumstances to count on Turkey is wishful thinking.

This little study, however, is a more general description than the foregoing would indicate. One of its most fascinating chapters deals with the new political set-up, which is democratic in form although no opposition parties are permitted. So far, strangely enough, this system seems to have worked. Perhaps even more absorbing is the author's account of the modernization of Turkey during the past twenty years, truly an astounding feat. It once again raises the question why only a war or a revolution with a definite program can successfully enlist the energies and abilities of a whole people.

Under Kemal a nationwide system of compulsory education was set up; the Latin alphabet was substituted everywhere for the more difficult arabic script; People's Houses or adult education centers were established in many important towns; both agriculture and industry were radically reformed.

The Inner Forum

Mission to America

FOR SOME TIME there has existed in Los Angeles a group which has felt that there was an unbridgeable spiritual "east is east and west is west" as between Catholic values and the values of the Hollywood picture industry. It has not been contended, of course, that there was, or is, a deliberate malice toward Christ or His Church in the Hollywood product. But it was felt that Hollywood is inescapably committed to Mammon worship in that the producers, wishing to reap the largest possible profit and desiring from that motive to please the greatest number of theater-goers, virtually exclude religion from the screen as being controversial and inflammatory. It is the same theory which has excluded religious instruction from America's public schools, the theory that religion is a dangerous subject.

It has been pointed out many times that Hollywood's film product, generally uninformed by religious values, has for that very reason come more and more to lack Christian charity in any appreciable degree so that its film plays for the most part are essentially melodrama or "white and black" contrasts in which impossible 100 percent heroes contend with 100 percent scoundrels for the hearts of glamour girls or for "the perishable things of this world." Thus to a marked degree Hollywood films have conditioned the public to white and black or melodramatic thinking on all subjects up to and including international affairs.

In *Mission to America,* a film recently produced by Fanchon Royer Gallagher, the character of Fray Junipero Serra has been proffered as a different type of hero than ordinarily comes out of Hollywood. And, we submit, a far more moving hero. *Mission to America* is a carefully documented history of the achievements of the Franciscan Order in California. Without straining for effect the producer sought to move minds and hearts by a simple picturization and narration of what took place on the Pacific Coast as a direct result of the Mission Foundings.

With the monopoly enjoyed by the powerfully financed Hollywood film industry in the production, distribution and exhibition of films, the problems of how the production and distribution of a series of motion pictures made to a Catholic scale of values could be financed and distributed assumed major proportions. The method utilized in the case of *Mission to America* seems to be practical and efficient. In the various archdioceses and dioceses of our country, this picture will be sponsored by large business firms interested in institutional or "good will" advertising. The credit received by the sponsors will be of that type which accrues to Ford and Standard Oil through the sponsorship of symphony concerts on the radio and to Pan American Airways in their films (produced incidentally by Fanchon Royer Gallagher) depicting the attractions of the Latin American countries covered by their lines.

For the exhibition of Catholic films made in 16mm Kodachrome as is *Mission to America,* there are the parish and parochial school halls of the nation which in time could be developed into an approximately perfect national distribution system with offices located strategically in conformity with the areas of Ecclesiastical Provinces and dioceses. In the parochial school halls we have the equivalent of a nation-wide chain of theaters. They will not have to be wired for sound as portable equipment can be brought in at the time of showing by the projectionist.

Neither the film nor the equipment nor the projectionists' services cost the Chancery Offices or the pastors one penny. The sponsor pays for so many showings in so many parishes or throughout all the parishes of a diocese or archdiocese. The sponsor, of course, must be approved by the Ordinary.

According to Fanchon Royer Gallagher, it is the aim of herself and her associates to make fifty-two films yearly as soon as the project can be organized, towards maintaining a steady stream of motion pictures throughout the parish halls of the nation, and to supply sufficient short subjects to round out each evening's program. She says: "Every picture will be made with the approbation and

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supervision of the Ordinary of the diocese or archdiocese wherein it is made. No picture shall be released unless it be both edifying and entertaining in the best sense of that term. We hope to compete in the matter of entertainment value also with the Hollywood industry, and to draw so many persons, Catholic and non-Catholic, to the parish halls that we shall ultimately force Hollywood to make more Christian photoplays in order to meet our competition. We shall never expect anyone to see one of our Catholic films as a 'Christian duty.' We believe the great dramas of Christian life, of conversion, of sacrifice, of patience and decency and long suffering, and spiritual and corporal works of mercy can be made with such art and technical skill as to stir minds and hearts and attract great audiences.

"We believe the movie-going public is hungering for bread rather than stones, and that we can make many dramas of everyday life according to a Catholic and Christian scale of values, and make many without a priest or a nun in them or even a Catholic. We believe the Catholic scale of values to be the one thing important.

"We may produce only a few documentary films like *Mission to America*. We started with it because we are on the ground where the Franciscan Fathers labored, and still labor. One thing we believe we have brought out in *Mission to America*—which we hope to sustain in all of our films—is the story of the Church doing great things today. We do not want to make museum pieces, films showing how great the Church *was*, but films showing that the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ is an ever living force, yesterday, today, and forever. Only the first part of *Mission to America* shows Father Serra and his group sowing the seed of the Holy Faith. Step by step we show the growth. We show the Missions today, in themselves and in their effects. We show not only the mustard seed, but the great tree that grew."

There can be no question that the motion picture is the popular drama of the nation. With its powerful technical facilities and a skill that is constantly improving, the modern film often carries with it a strong emotional impact. But the intellectual, and still more spiritual, content of these productions generally is negligible. Hence the potentialities in this new project.

TED LE BERTHON.

CONTRIBUTORS

Donald ATTWATER is a contributing editor of THE COMMONWEAL at present engaged in educational work in the British Isles. He is the author of a number of books on the Eastern Churches and a recent volume of his is a study of St. John Chrysostom.

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Rev. M. A. COUTURIER, O.P., is a distinguished artist and critic, who has recently gone to Baltimore to give a series of lectures at the College of Notre Dame Summer School.

Helen ISWOLSKY, daughter of the well known Russian statesman and diplomat, is the author of "Soviet Man Now" and "Light Before Dusk" and other books.

Ted LE BERTHON conducts a column in the Los Angeles *Daily News*.

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